

WORDS FOR EDIFICATION.

FACETIOUS.

A brakeman on a drink at Chicago fell into a sewer, and at once yelled "St. Louis Change cars."

There is a St. Louis man who has not laughed in twenty-six years. He is supposed to be boarding with his mother-in-law.

In view of the fact that Barnum has fooled so many people in this world, a Southern paper wonders what sort of a show he will have in the next.

Fair bride of nineteen summers, "What can they all see in her? I'm sure she's over thirty, and no woman worth looking at after that." Matron (age unknown) "Not worth speaking to before, my dear!" — *London Punch*.

A German shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poits is not quite done, but der heel ish made out."

Bridget (looking at the picture upon the mantelpiece): "What's thin, maria?" Mrs. Dornan: "Those are cherubs, Bridget." Bridget: "Cheerups, is it?" Mary Ann says as how they was bats and I says twins, barin' the wings." — *Hartford Lampoon*.

"My frens," said the officiating clergyman at the marriage of two colored persons near Cincinnati a few Sundays ago, "my frens, it am a serious ting to get married, 'specilly when both parties is orphans an' haint got no parents to fall back on, as am de present case." — *Exchange*.

It is reported that Barnum has made an offer to Oscar Wilde for the latter to sit on Jumbo and ride in the street processions. If, instead of Wilde sitting on the elephant, Jumbo were to sit on Wilde the result would be more satisfactory to the people, and it wouldn't hurt Jumbo much. — *Texas Settings*.

Said Brown to Fogg, who had been indulging in some of his vagaries: "Excuse my mentioning it, but now that we are alone, let me remind you that there are always a fool and a critic in every company." — "Two is small company," replied Fogg, "but why do you call me a critic?" — *Boston Transcript*.

"Oh yes," says Fogg, "John and Matilda sit side by side on the sofa, thinking of nothing but their own sweet selves, and you say it is a splendid match. Well, supposing it is, what then? They are gentle enough now, but wait till that spindid match suffers a little friction and you will see fire in stater." — *Boston Transcript*.

Social agonies: Scene—Mrs. Montgomery Morris' drawing room just before dinner. Mrs. Sydney Mountjoy (to herself): "Oh, yes, Bazaar was all very well, but we got into a quarrel with some people there—a dreadful couple, who behaved most shamefully. I am told the husband, a certain Mr. Hamilton Allsop, means to pull Sydney's nose whenever and wherever he meets him, and his horrid wife actually declares she'll —" Footman—"Mr. and Mrs. Amilton Hallstop!" — *London Punch*.

A Maine lumberman, last winter, had a terrible experience. He was cutting down a huge tree at a place some distance from the camp. The monarch of the forest fell in an unexpected direction, and crushed the unfortunate man's leg in its fall. When he recovered from the shock, the poor man, to his horror, perceived that snow was falling, and that he would soon be buried. With great nerve he began to chop at his impaled leg with his axe to free himself, and, binding up the severed stump, he painfully crawled through the forest to his companions—but his leg was a wooden one.

HOW TO SECURE SECURE HEALTH.

It is easier to prevent than to cure, and arrangements begin early by taking blood, with Scoville's Balsamilla and Stillagin, or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the Best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Skin, Etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man or Beast.

Dr. BAKER'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

"So Garibaldi is dead," said a — Ave nue lady. "I remember his name perfectly because he invented those Garibaldi waists we used to wear a few years ago. Some relation to Worth, wasn't he?" — *Buffalo Express*.

MILLION'S GIVEN AWAY.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merit contained in this wonderful medicine. Call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle free, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

"Are those stars which you see at night suns?" asked a little boy of his father. "Yes, my boy." "Are the shooting stars suns, too?" "No; the shooting stars are not suns; they are darters."

DRAGGING PAINS.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife has suffered with "female weakness" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUTCH, Deposit, N. Y.

An Indian meal—Missionary.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated

grasses—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A China dish—Rats.

SUICIDE MADE EASY.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and don't take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by all druggists.

It has been thought that "Casabianca" stood on the burning deck because it was too all-fired hot to sit down! — *Bloomington Eye*.

In the Times, of Philadelphia, we observe: Mr. John McGrath, 1236 Christian Street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

The tender passion is all right if it is a legal tender.

Gave instantaneous relief. St. Jacobs Oil. Neurogia. Prof. Tice.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

I was sitting at the window one day. My master had gone out. He told me to be a good pup dog while he was gone, so I was trying to mind him. I was at cross roads when I saw two cats and a kitten cross the street I only barked at them.

At last my master's married sister drove up to the door in her carriage. She had her little girl baby with her. The baby's name is Buttercup. I think that a very funny name. Buttercup's mother said to me, "Scamp! Scamp!" I ran to the door to see her. Buttercup's mother said, "Send me, and the waiter, Wyatt, carried me out and put me in the carriage. I saw on the seat next to Buttercup. I was so proud, I curled my tail twice as light as usual. It is a double curl anyhow.

We drove down street everybody looked at me. When the carriage stopped, Buttercup's mother got out. She left the door open. I was next to it, so I jumped out after her. But I did not follow her. O no! I ran up the street. I had on a new collar with big bells, and it made noise. Buttercup's mother heard it and turned around. She saw me running away, so she ran after me.

I ran as fast as I could; so did she. — up one street, down another. At last I came to a butcher's shop. I saw some meat inside and ran in. A nasty big dog was sitting at the back of the shop. He scared me, and I ran behind the counter.

The big dog started to follow me. He had eaten me up, I know. Just then Buttercup's mother came in. She called to the butcher to stop his dog. The butcher caught him just in time to save me. Then Buttercup's mother took me from under the counter, where I lay trembling. She carried me in her arms to the carriage. Buttercup was crying, for my master talked to me. He spoke so kindly that it made me ashamed of my wicked deeds; so I have come into this dark room to think over my bad ways and to try and be good. — *From Our Little Ones* for July.

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